Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly

CUMTUX

Vol. 40, No. 2—Spring 2020

CCHS IMAGE #2511.001

Suffragists often wore white as a symbol of purity, such as the group of women marching in an 1890 parade down Water Street (now Commercial) in Astoria. They would later add purple to represent loyalty and yellow to represent hope—this last color selected in honor of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who had used the sunflower as a symbol in an earlier suffrage campaign.

In This Issue . . .

After the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, The U.S. immediately mobilized to put into place all manner of defense. The wide Columbia River was thought to be the way in which an enemy might attempt to enter the area without notice. To make sure enemy subs would not find easy targets along the river, plans were made to mine the river. Robert Stork was one of the men chosen to do the dangerous work of planting the mines. As luck would have it, he met Karen Leedom, who knew the importance of preserving his story, and she has brought it to us. Karen is the author of *Astoria: An Oregon History*, a book that should be on the shelves of everyone curious about the history of the area. (CCHS also sells her book.)

Also in this issue is a story by CCHS Curator Dr. Chelsea Vaughn "Votes for Women: The Fight for Women's Suffrage in Clatsop County." Laura Torres has a humorous piece about working in a local restaurant, and last is the strange story of Aeronaut George Weston Daggett.

—The Editor

Clatsop County Historical Society
714 Exchange St.
P.O. Box 88
Astoria, Oregon 97103-0088
(503) 325-2203
cchs@cumtux.org
www.cumtux.org

Heritage Museum
16th and Exchange St., Astoria

Flavel House Museum
8th and Duane St., Astoria

Oregon Film Museum
7th and Duane St., Astoria

Uppertown Firefighters Museum
30th and Marine Drive, Astoria

Board of Directors

Luke Colvin, Astoria, OR
President

David Reid, Astoria, OR
Vice-President

Kent Easom, Coeur d'Alene, ID
Secretary

Kent Ivanoff, Astoria, OR
Treasurer

Jim Aalberg, Warrenton, OR
Andrew Bornstein, Bellingham, WA
Brett Estes, Astoria, OR
Craig Hoppes, Astoria, OR
Julie Kovatch, Astoria, OR
Patricia Roberts, Gearhart, OR
Randy Stemper, Astoria, OR
Dulcye Taylor, Astoria, OR

Staff

McAndrew Burns
Executive Director

Sam Rascoe
Director of Marketing

Liisa Penner
Archivist &* Cumtux *Editor

Chelsea Vaughn
Curator

Emily Rivera
Business Manager

Matt Powers
Facilities Manager

Carol Lambert
Sheila Nolan
Susan Swanby
Michael Wentworth
Cumtux Support

CUMTUX

Clatsop County Historical Society
Quarterly
Vol. 40, No. 2—Spring 2020
Copyright © 2020 Clatsop County Historical Society
(ISSN 1083-9216)

Contents:

2 Mystery Catch

5 A World War II Story
by Karen Leedom

18 Votes for Women:
by Dr. Chelsea Vaughn

29 Koffee Kup & Downtown Astoria
by Laura Marie Torres

35 Aeronaut Professor George Weston
By Liisa Penner

Front Cover: *Daily Astorian Print Coll.*

Edith Henningsgaard-Miller, served as Astoria's first female Mayor, 1983-1991.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know…to inform"

Mystery Catch

April 17, 1956 Astoria Evening Budget, *page 1*

WRECKAGE FOUND IS UNIDENTIFIED

This twisted piece of metal was included in the catch of the trawler Silver Queen on her last trip. R. Salsberry, crewman, beside the piece believed to be part of a ship.

A thousand-pound slab of rusted metal, apparently torn by explosion from some sort of seagoing vessel, came up from the ocean floor Monday in the net of the trawler Silver Queen. The Silver Queen delivered the slab at San Juan Packing company dock in Warrenton Tuesday morning along with 445,000 pounds of bottom fish. The slab of metal is partly a half inch thick and partly one inch thick. It is torn and twisted, as though it had been ripped by an explosion from the vessel of which it once formed a part. The slab includes what appears to be a circular hatchway, about 2 feet in diameter, with the hatch cover still clinging to it. There are two handles on the hatch cover. The slab could be part of a ship or perhaps a submarine. The coast guardsman who had said it could be from a submarine was not available for questioning when A-B representatives arrived at the San Juan dock.

Capt. Jack Stanovich of the Silver Queen said the same drag which brought up the metal slab also produced a ship's ventilator, apparently from a nearby spot on the ocean floor. The finds were made while the Silver Queen was fishing near Tillamook Rock and south southwesterly from the rock. Depth was 58 fathoms. Coast guardsmen from Point Adams station inspected the slab of metal. Jack Wood, boatswain's mate first class, who looked it over, said it was impossible to tell what sort of ship it had come from.

The Navy will be asked to look it over to see if it can be identified.

April 20, 1956 Astoria Evening Budget

METAL HUNK SAID TO BE LAND MINE

The "unidentified" hunk of steel brought in by a fishing boat to San Juan Packing company's dock in Warrenton earlier this week is no longer unidentified in the opinion of Rex Swaggert of Warrenton.

"It's a piece of a ground mine," Swaggert stated today after having inspected the piece a couple of days ago. Swaggert, formerly warrant officer for the mine battery in the coast artillery at Fort Stevens during World

CCHS image, Daily Astorian Col.

This twisted piece of metal was included in the catch of the trawler *Silver Queen* on her last trip.

War II and now a guard at Tongue Point Naval station, said the object appears to be the top of one of a string of mines placed on the bottom across the entrance to the Columbia river during the war for protection against possible invasion by enemy ships.

Mines Floated

Swaggert said that shortly after the Pearl Harbor bombing the army placed surface or floating mines across the entrance to the river. The mine field was laid by the trans-Columbia ferry Tourist No. 2. However, the army soon discovered that enemy ships could find the floating mines by radar and by 1943 mines laid in the bottom designed for maximum of 150-foot depths were installed in place of them. The ground mines, as they were called, weighed 3,000 pounds and carried about 3,000 pounds of high explosives. In spite of their weight, they had some buoyancy and would dance around on the bottom in the river's current and sometimes broke loose from their positions. The only connection was by cable to a distribution box which would control the explosion of the mines.

"How did such a mine travel as far away as Tillamook rock where it was picked up?" Swaggert was asked. He said he did not know for sure how it

CCHS image, Daily Astorian Col.

R. Salsberry, crewman, beside the piece believed to be part of a ship.

moved that far away, but sometimes, the mines, containing two individual primers, exploded on a sharp impact.

The piece of metal brought in by the Silver Queen, operated by Jack Stanovich, in the boat's trawl net, appeared to have been in an explosion. Swaggert said the big piece of metal could conceivably have rolled and tumbled along the ocean floor the distance to the rock. Earlier guesses had tagged the piece of metal as part of a ship because it had what appeared to be a hatch and cover on it and because it was found near a ship's ventilator which also was brought up in the Silver Queen's trawl net. ▪

A World War II Story
Fort Stevens, Oregon 1941–1945

by Karen Leedom

This story is about Robert Leo Stork who was born in Mason City, Iowa, on June 21, 1919. When Bob was a year old, he and his parents decided to move to California, to "the land of opportunity." They headed west in a Model T Ford, with Bob riding in the back seat that was his bed. They made their way to Pasadena, where there were plenty of campsites available in Brookside Park, now the site of the famous Rose Bowl. Eventually they bought land and built a home in Altadena.

During Bob's long life, he worked as a home builder, inventor, efficiency expert, and machine design engineer. He and his wife Melba raised twin daughters, Janet and Susan. In 1968, the family left California and settled in Monmouth, Oregon. Melba died in 2014 at the age of 92, and Bob moved to Lincoln City to be near his daughter Susan. Bob passed away peacefully in his Lincoln City apartment on February 2, 2020.

I met Bob Stork in Lincoln City not long after his 100th birthday. He was having lunch with my mother at the time. She and Bob often had meals together at Lakeview Senior Living, where they both lived. My mother often told me how much she enjoyed Bob's company and that he made her laugh. Bob and I quickly became friends, and I had the privilege of helping him with his memoir. I got to know him quite well as he shared his story, and we pored over albums of old photographs.

Bob was pretty much a celebrity at Lakeview; I think because he had lived more than 100 years, and his memory and wit were still as sharp as ever. I often noticed him visiting with staff, and I imagined he was teaching them a thing or two.

Bob was twenty-two years old when he joined the Army in June 1941. After Coast Artillery Training in Galveston, Texas, he was sent to Fort Stevens, where he was a member of the 18th Coast Artillery. Here is Bob's recollection of the day he arrived at Fort Stevens:

"It was late afternoon when the train pulled into Portland, Oregon. Once our group disembarked, we proceeded to the station Harvey House for our evening meal. After we finished, a bus was waiting to take us to Fort Stevens. When we arrived at the fort, a sergeant was there to greet us as we got off the bus. Gathering up our two barracks bags, we were then marched up a steep hill, across it, then back down to a group of tents at the base of the hill,

Image courtesy of Robert Stork

Bob aboard one of the yawl boats at Fort Stevens, 1942

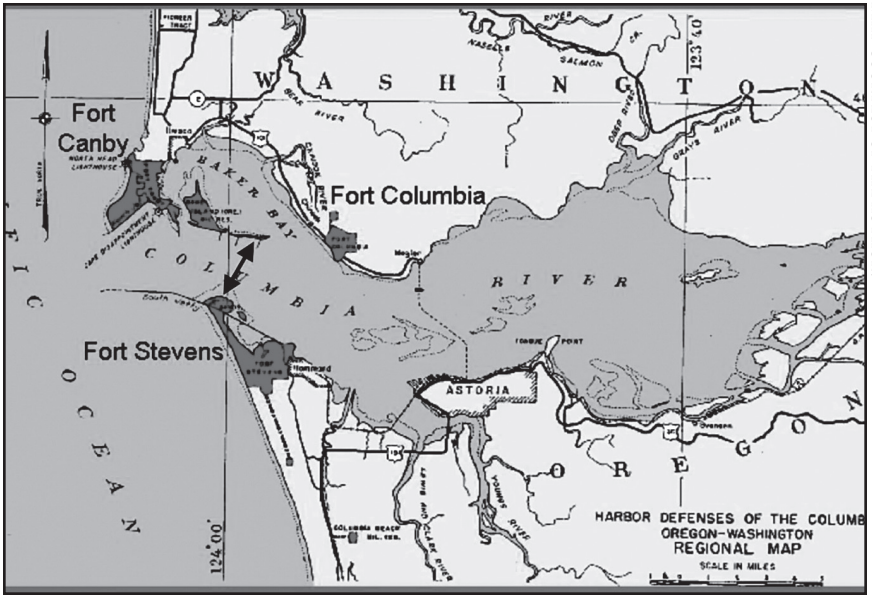
where we stayed in quarantine for the next two weeks. I was thinking, as we were hiking up and down the hill in the dark, that this must be a real rugged country. The next morning, I could see we were marched up and over the only hill in the entire area as this was all flat country."

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed the American fleet in Pearl Harbor, and the following day Congress declared war on the Japanese Empire. The next day, General DeWitt, commander of the Western Defense Command, ordered controlled submarine mines to be planted in designated harbors, which included the entrance to the Columbia River.

A controlled submarine mine, used by the United States Army, was a circuit-fired weapon used in coastal defenses. Unlike naval mines dispersed at sea, the location of the controlled minefield was carefully chosen so that it could be under constant observation. Each mine was fired electrically through a network of underwater electrical cables.

Bob was assigned to the mine planting unit, Battery A. Specifically, to the yawl boat section that consisted of five small gas – and diesel-powered boats. Bob was a coxswain on one of the fifteen-foot or so yawl boats when they first began laying the minefield in December 1941.

Facilities were constructed at Fort Stevens for storing the mines, the TNT used to fill them, and for testing and repairing the electrical cables. A narrow-gauge rail system was put in place for transporting the mines,



Map courtesy of the author.

The arrow on this map shows the approximate location of the minefield, between Sand Island and Clatsop Spit

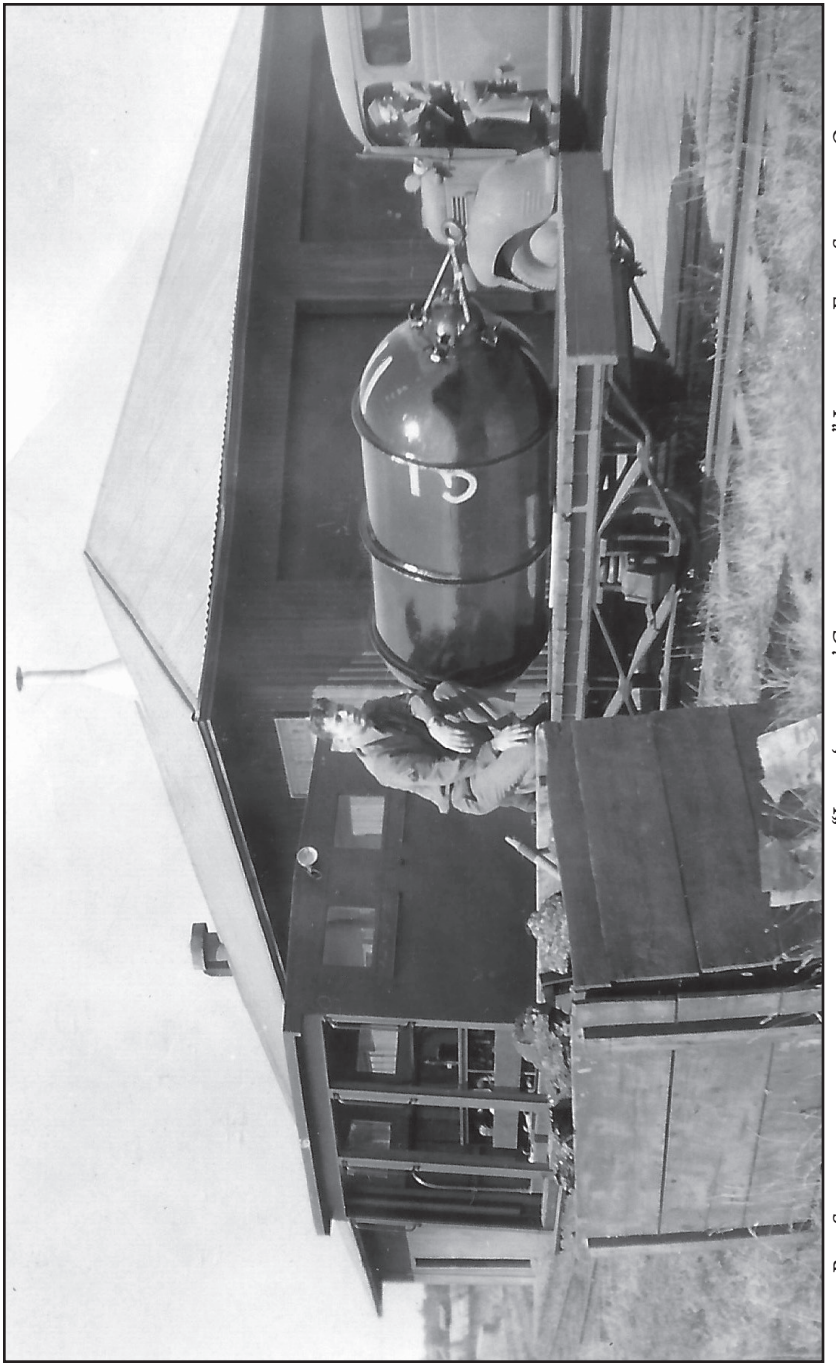
cables, and related equipment from the storage facilities to the loading dock.

For the defense of the Columbia River, floatation mines were initially used. They were anchored to the river bottom and would float about five feet below the river's surface at low tide. Each mine was loaded with 300 pounds of TNT, and when loaded, weighed over 750 lb.

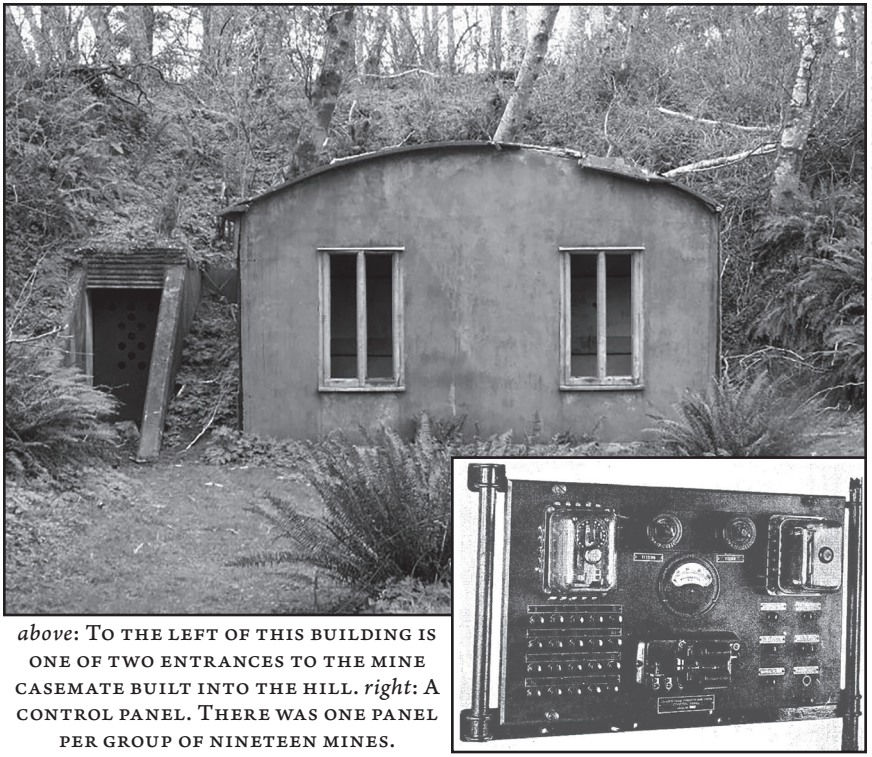
Floatation mines were planted at the mouth of the river in two lines, with four groups of nineteen in each line, a total of 152 mines. A single conductor cable connected each mine to a steel electrical distribution box. (Bob called it a junction box). Approximately three miles of cable was needed to join a group of nineteen mines to a box. From the junction box, the group of cables traveled through a larger cable to a hut on the shore. From there, this vast network of cables continued through a conduit to a massive concrete bunker at Fort Columbia, called a mine casemate.

The casemate is where the firing pins, or triggering mechanisms, for the mines were located. The casemate housed electrical generators, batteries, control panels, and troops who tested the readiness of the mines and fired them when needed. It also had telephone lines, so it could keep in touch with mine observation and fire-control positions, with the mine commander, and with gun batteries and searchlights that covered the minefield. The exact location of each

Image courtesy of Robert Stork



Bob Stork on the speeder with a mine. "I was 'pulling' Col. of the guard," July 1942, Fort Stevens, Ore.



Images courtesy of the author.

above: To the left of this building is one of two entrances to the mine casemate built into the hill. *right*: A control panel. There was one panel per group of nineteen mines.

mine was required so that those closest to an enemy vessel could be detonated.

Controlled submarine mines were designed to be detonated from the casemate, and would not explode on contact with a vessel. However, a large vessel could become tangled in the cables, or run into a mine and sink it by cutting it with a propeller. Whenever this happened, the damaged mine was later detonated by the casemate.

To mitigate vessels coming in contact with mines, a "war channel" was created through the minefield for ship traffic. The Navy Harbor Entrance Command Post was responsible for ensuring that incoming and outgoing ships had a pilot on board who knew the channel location.

Each protected harbor maintained one or more Army Mine Planter vessels specifically designed for planting and removing mines. These vessels were never used to mine the open sea. When the United States entered World War II in December 1941, there were sixteen Army Mine Planters either under construction or in the planning stages.

When it was time to plant the minefield on the Columbia River, there were no Mine Planter ships available, so the U.S. Army Mine Planting Service commandeered the Tourist No. 2 ferry

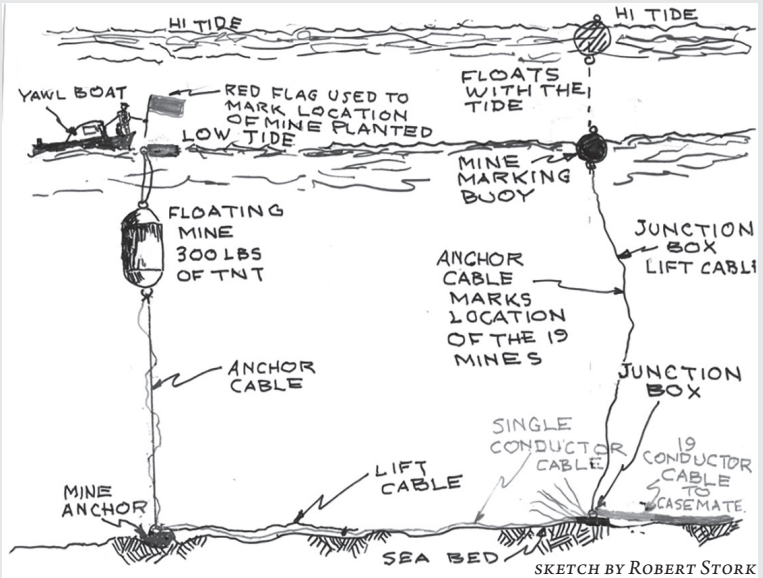
Image courtesy of Robert Stork

Tourist No. 2 ferry working as a Mine Planter. One day it broke all records, planting a complete group of nineteen mines in one hour and six minutes.

Planting Floatation Mines

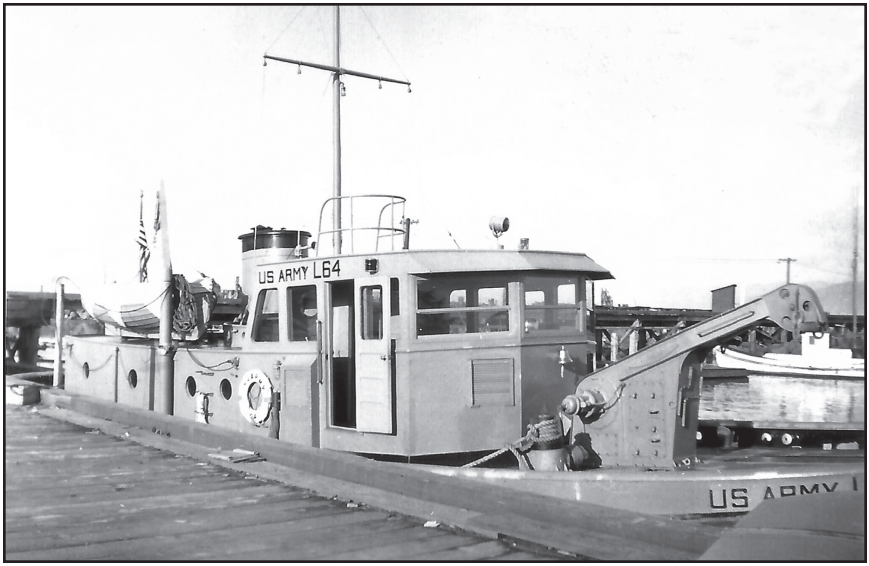
The following procedure was repeated for each of the nineteen mines in a group.

1. The L-Boat anchored over the future location of a junction box.
2. The Mine Planter came alongside the L-Boat, and tossed over a mine's connecting cable of a predetermined length. The L-Boat crew then plugged the cable into the junction box.
3. With the mine cable playing out from the stern, the Mine Planter moved to a previously identified location where it dropped the mine. Each mine was tethered to the river bottom by a steel cable attached to a weight that allowed the mine to float approximately five feet below the water surface at low tide.
4. After the Mine Planter dropped the mine, it moved away, and two men in a yawl boat grabbed hold of a buoy that was attached by a rope to an I-bolt on top of the mine. The buoy was an empty twenty-pound powder keg that was painted orange so it could be easily seen. They then took up the slack in the rope as best they could so they were positioned directly over the mine.
5. Then they held up a 2′×4′ red flag that the men referred to as "Maggie's drawers."
6. Men onshore took a reading of the planted mine's location and radioed the Mine Planter.
7. The Mine Planter blasted a couple of "toots" on its whistle, and the men in the yawl boat cut loose the rope from the mine and retrieved the powder keg, leaving no surface mark as to the mine's location. So that the junction boxes could be easily located, each box was attached to a small black buoy that was barely discernible in the water.



sketch by Robert Stork

Image courtesy of Robert Stork



U.S. Army L-Boat, so named because of the numerical designation on its side.

that had been transporting passengers between Oregon and Washington. The Army Coast Artillery purchased the ferry for $35,000. It was retrofitted with tracks on each side where the cars would have been. The tracks were used to roll the mines on and off the ferry. Davits were also added so the mines and anchors could be swung over the side and dropped into the water.

Tourist No. 2 was designated USAMP FB 535, and was nicknamed "Octopus." It began planting mines on Christmas day 1941 and continued to service the minefield until May 1943 when it was replaced by a mine planting ship, the USAMP *Randolph*.

In addition to the mine planter, smaller vessels were used in the process. One such vessel was a distribution boat, usually referred to as an L-Boat. The L-Boat crew maintained the steel electrical junction boxes, approximately two-feet in diameter that connected the mines to the casemate. The L-Boat crew was responsible for attaching each mine cable to a junction box during the planting process, placing the boxes in specified locations on the river bottom, and retrieving the boxes when needed.

Yawl Boats carried supplies to the Mine Planters and L-Boats, and assisted with the mine planting. Two yawl boats were used—one to follow the mine planter in the event someone fell overboard, and one to mark the mine's location after it was planted.

Mine planting took place at low tide. Low tide occurs at a different time each day, and with shorter days during the winter, the crews had to work fast to avoid working in the dark. The fluctuating tide and stormy

Image courtesy of Robert Stork

Yawl boats at the dock.

weather caused all sorts of problems as they worked to anchor the mines in their identified locations. It took roughly three months to plant the entire minefield.

In January 1943, a 188-foot mine planter arrived in Astoria. The USAMP *General Wallace F. Randolph* was a steam-powered ship that carried a complement of fifty men. In May, it took over all mine-planting duties from the ferry boat, USAMP FB 535.

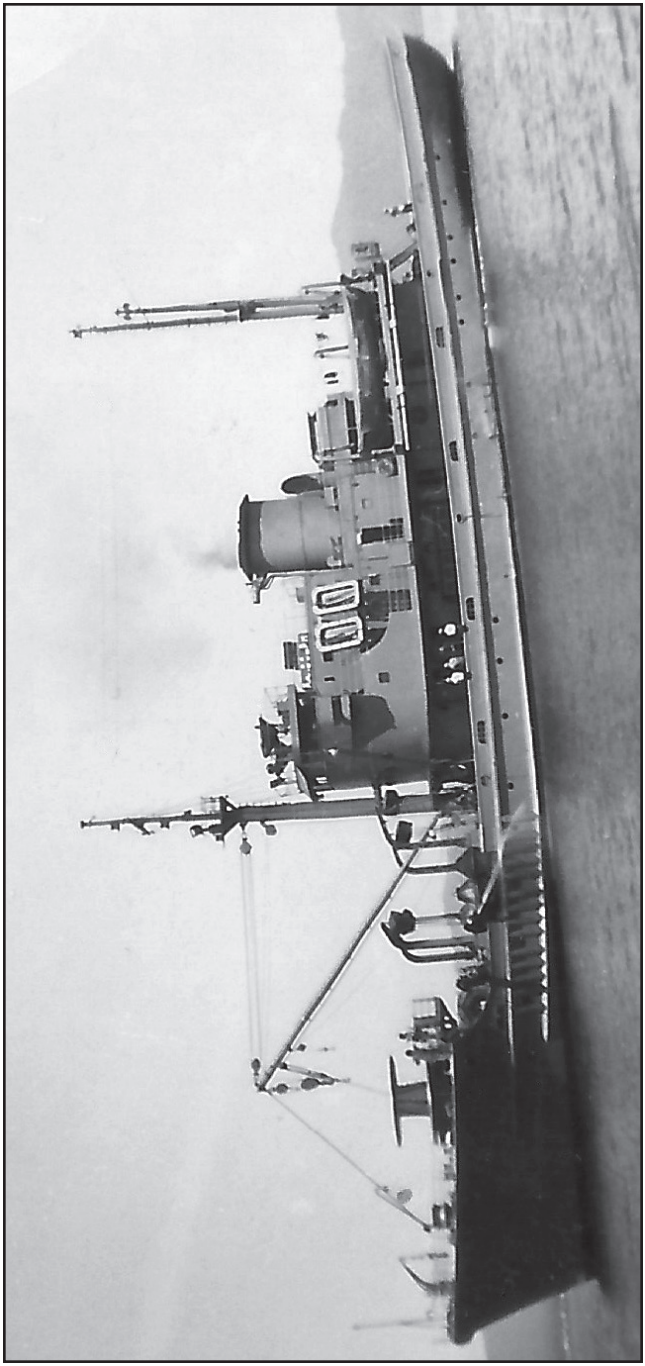
Not long after the Randolph arrived, orders were received to replace floatation mines with ground mines. Ground mines rested on the river bottom where there was no chance of a ship striking and sinking them, and which made it no longer necessary to maintain a "war channel" through the minefield.

Unlike floatation mines that held 300 pounds of TNT, and were planted in groups of nineteen, ground mines were much more substantial. They contained 3,000 pounds of explosives and weighed approximately 2,000 pounds. Ground mines were planted in three lines approximately 800 yards apart. Each line had four groups of thirteen mines or a total of 156 mines.

In July 1945, one month before the Pacific War phase of World War II ended, orders were received to remove all minefields. Winches were used to pull the buoys and junction boxes up and onto the deck of the L-Boat. The cables were then disconnected from the junction boxes and tossed to the Mine Planter that pulled the mines out of the water.

Bob told me, "We were out there for weeks, pulling them out. Some

Image courtesy of Robert Stork



The Randolph working in the mine field. July 30, 1945.

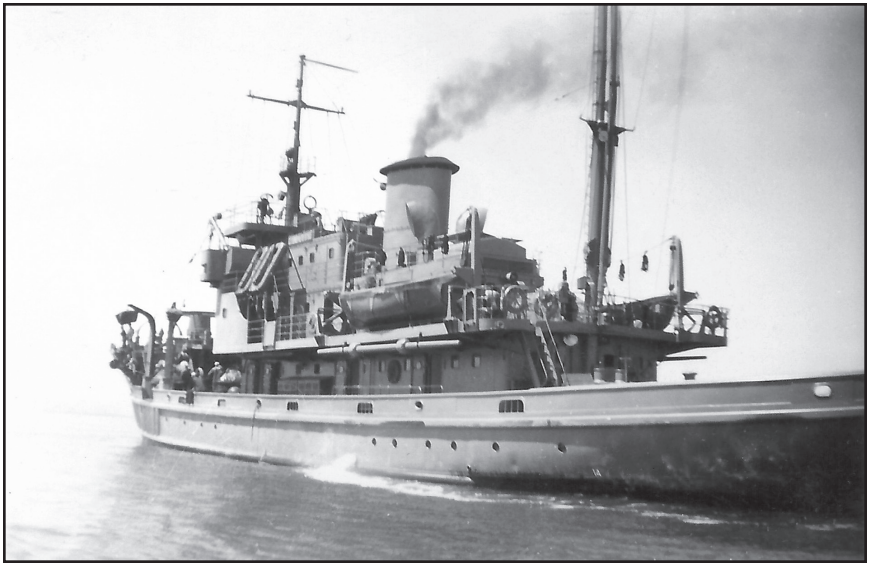


Image courtesy of Robert Stork

above: USAMP General Wallace F. Randolph, July 30, 1945, pulling up the mine field. *below:* One mine on the deck and another being pulled up. The 2,000 pound mines have the explosive power of 1.5 tons of TNT.

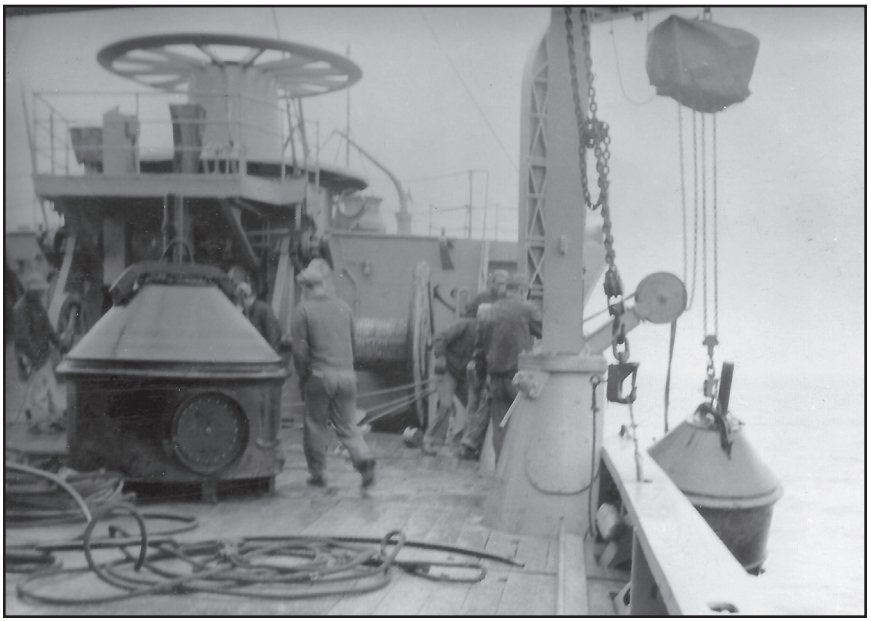


Image courtesy of Robert Stork

Image courtesy of Robert Stork

Fort Stevens yawl boat crew. Bob is in the front row, 2nd from right.

couldn't be pulled out of the mud, and we had to blow them up. The seagulls would have a field day then because it would release all the pilchers [pilchards], with piles of them flying into the air."

On December 18, 1945, Bob Stork was honorably discharged from the Army at the separation center at Fort Lewis, Washington, having served four years and five months. He hitchhiked home, arriving in Altadena, California, just in time for Christmas.

Bombing of Fort Stevens

Bob's recollection of the night of June 21, 1942, (his twenty-third birthday) when a Japanese submarine fired at Fort Stevens from off the coast near Gearhart.

"You'll hear all kinds of stories about how many shells were fired. We knew none of them could reach us, so no one at the fort fired back. We all marched from the barracks and huddled by one of the buildings while they searched for the key to the ammunition locker. I think we spent two hours waiting until we even had a bullet for a gun.

"After that, we were required to pack sixty rounds of ammunition (a bandoleer) that we wore all the time. We also carried a gas mask. I couldn't figure out why we needed gas masks. It's difficult to gas an area where there is a lot of wind.

Image courtesy of the author.

Robert Leo Stork. ca. 2019

"There were slip trenches all over the place, about five feet deep, maybe two feet wide. You were supposed to get into one whenever a bombardment went on. There never was any bombardment. Guys would sometimes fall into them when they came back in the dark from the beer hall. They broke ribs and other bones, so we lost more men through injuries from accidents than we did from any combat."

A final note about the two Mine Planters

At the end of the war, the Army used the ferry to transport passengers between Fort Canby and Fort Stevens. In 1946, the Tourist No. 2 ferry resumed operations on the Columbia River under the Astoria-North Beach Ferry company. This service continued for the next twenty years until the Astoria-Megler Bridge was completed in 1966, making ferry service obsolete. The ferry was sold to Pierce County, Washington, for $32,000, and remained in the Puget Sound area for the next fifty years, until it was returned to Astoria in 2016 in disrepair.

The *Randolph* was transferred to the U.S. Navy in 1951, and placed into the Atlantic Reserve Fleet. At some point, it was stricken from the Naval Vessel Register and later scuttled off the coast of Florida as an artificial reef. The site is currently known as the Thunderbolt Wreck and is considered to be an excellent and challenging dive site for advanced divers.

The Army Mine Planter Service was officially terminated in 1954 by the Warrant Officer Personnel Act.

Robert Stork donated to CCHS, home movies he created while stationed at Fort Stevens and when visiting after the war in the 1950s and 1960s. The video includes scenes of the Tourist No. 2 working the mine laying and other views of Fort Stevens and the Astoria area. A portion of the video was shown at the CCHS Thursday Night Talks in November 2019.

Votes for Women:
The Fight for Women's Suffrage in Clatsop County

by Dr. Chelsea Vaughn

In celebration of the 100th anniversary of the ratification of the 19th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, it is important to look at the role of Clatsop County in securing this right.

When Oregon ratified the 19th Amendment granting women suffrage, or the right to vote, on January 12, 1920, Oregon women had already been voting in local and state elections for more than seven years. The efforts of Oregon women to secure their right to vote spanned decades and would include the issue being placed on the ballot a record six times, more than any other state—in 1884, 1900, 1906, 1908, 1910, and finally with the passage of the Oregon Equal Suffrage Amendment in November 1912. Locally, the Clatsop County Equal Rights Association organized in May 1874. From the beginning, both men and women would take prominent roles in the organization. Early Astoria pioneer, Col. James Taylor, was appointed as the group's first president, and proprietress of a local millinery shop, Hannah M. Morrison, was elected vice president.

Early suffrage efforts in Clatsop County were further boosted by the friendship between Dewitt Clinton Ireland and Abigail Scott Duniway. Ireland was editor of the local paper *The Weekly Astorian*. At the same time, Duniway was a leading Oregon suffragist whose own newspaper, *the New Northwest*, would become the primary voice of the suffrage movement throughout the state. Ireland began reprinting Duniway's articles in his paper, while also providing a favorable forum for the Clatsop County Equal Rights Association.

Inez Adams Parker, along with her husband Wilder W. Parker, was a founding member of the Clatsop County Equal Rights Association. In the early 1930s, Inez wrote about her husband's role during the 1884 election that first put the issue of women's suffrage before Oregon voters. According to Inez, "When the first measure for women's suffrage was submitted to the voters in Oregon, [Wilder] was one of the three judges of election (as they were then called), and it took them all night to count the votes. When he came home next morning to his breakfast, he casually remarked to me that there were quite a few votes for woman suffrage and

about the same against it, but the majority did not vote on it at all, so I said to the other two judges, 'Those who failed to vote on it surely could not have been against it, or they would have said so; suppose then that we count all of them for it?' 'All right,' they said and the result was that Clatsop was the only county that gave a majority for it…the funny thing was the way this county plumed itself afterward on being the most advanced and progressive county in the state—on the strength of that vote."

Whether or not this occurred is unclear. *The Daily Astorian's* unofficial results published the day after the election had the measure defeated in the county, with 336 people voting for women's suffrage and 362 voting against it. The same paper reported less than three weeks later that, "Clatsop is the only county that gave [the vote on women's suffrage] a majority."

Parker's close friend, Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair, played a prominent role on both the local and state level in the struggle for women's suffrage. In 1896, Abigail Scott Duniway, in her capacity as president of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association, wrote to Dr. Owens-Adair requesting Owens-Adair's participation in the First Oregon Congress of Women, which would feature the national suffrage leader Susan B. Anthony. Owens-Adair had met Anthony previously when, as a single mother and successful businesswomen, Owens-

Image courtesy of the Oregon Historical Society

Inez Eugenia Adams Parker

Adair had been asked to arrange part of Anthony's 1871 speaking tour. This encounter helped embolden Owens-Adair to pursue her interest in medicine, becoming one of the first women in the Pacific Northwest to earn a medical degree.

Speaking before the First Oregon Congress of Women, Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair asked those in attendance, "Is there any difference between women's work and men's work? Is there anything under the sun that muscle or mind can do that the new woman cannot accomplish? We have no fear that the 'new woman' will not find a place in the poet's theme, as well as in his heart. She will not cease to be the 'ministering angel,' the very

CCHS Acc# 09.013

OREGON STATE EQUAL SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

HONORARY PRESIDENT,
MRS. H. A. LAUGHARY,
McMINNVILLE.

STATE PRESIDENT,
ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,
294 CLAY STREET, PORTLAND.

VICE PRESIDENT AT LARGE,
DR. ANNICE E. JEFFREYS,
SALEM.

RECORDING SECRETARY,
MRS. MARY SCHAFFER WARD,
832 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,
MRS. J. C. PRITCHARD,
164 GRAND AVENUE, EAST SIDE, PORTLAND.

TREASURER,
ADA CORNISH HERTSCHE,
166 NORTH EIGHTEENTH STREET, PORTLAND.

Portland, Oregon, May 10, 1896. 1896.

Dr Owens Adair,

Astoria, Oregon.

Dear Madam:-

You are cordially invited to address the First Oregon Congress of Women, to be held in this City, June 8th, 9th and 10th, under the leadership of Susan B. Anthony and the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association.

Please let us hear from you at once, as our time for preparation of program is limited and it will be necessary to act promptly.

Come in person if possible, but if not possible, please send your paper to care of Mrs A. S. Duniway, 294 Clay Street, Portland, and it will receive due recognition.

State subject of paper in your reply. Must be upon some phase of Woman's work or ambition and be limited to not less than ten or more than twenty minutes; but orations may occupy from ten minutes to one hour.

By Order of Ex. Com. O. S. E. S. A.

Abigail Scott Duniway,

President.

A. Julia Kirker,

Cor. Secretary, pro tem.

Letter from Abigail Scott Duniway, president of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association, to Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair requesting Owens-Adair's participation in the First Oregon Congress of Women, featuring the national suffrage leader Susan B. Anthony.

inspiration of life. Like the fine gold that comes from the furnace, she will come forth, clothed in all the beauty and strength of pure womanhood, for she will have been cleansed of the dross of dependence, helplessness and prejudice of past ages. Indeed, up to the present time, what has man done that woman could not do or has not done?"

Often those who supported women's suffrage were also in favor of temperance, or the prohibition of alcohol, creating a common perception that if women received the right to vote, they would use this power to outlaw alcohol consumption. Depending upon one's ideas about alcohol consumption, then, women's suffrage was either a good or bad idea. In Astoria, in the late nineteenth century, an estimated 1,000 regular drinkers frequented the local saloons, consuming 22,000 gallons of beer per month. In a town that clearly profited from the sale and consumption of alcohol, many opposed women's suffrage for this very reason. Yet, this connection between temperance and suffrage was not always so strong. Abigail Scott Duniway—the leading suffragist in Oregon—for example, refused to connect the two movements for fear of alienating supporters. At the same time, Dr. Clarence True Wilson—an important member of the temperance movement opposed granting women suffrage, as it would extend the vote to, "the wives, daughters, and sweethearts

CCHS IMAGE #5595-00A

Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair

of gamblers, saloonkeepers and the owners of property used for immoral purposes."

Many women, themselves, were not interested in securing the right to vote, with some actively fighting against it. The Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women issued a statement of protest each time the question of women's suffrage came up for a vote from 1906 until it became Oregon law in 1912. Among those signing the protest letter was a "Mrs. George T. Flavel, Astoria." This is most likely a reference to Winona Flavel, wife of George Conrad Flavel, as her legal name at the time would have

CCHS acc#09.013

Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women

Dear Sir:--

There are over 100,000 women in Oregon. The majority do not want to vote. A small proportion in any given community is asking for the ballot. Is not that true where you live?

This is the sixth time the voters of Oregon have been asked to vote upon this question in spite of the fact that the opposition from 1900 when suffrage carried twenty-one (21) counties and lost by only 2137 has increased so that in 1910 it carried only one (1) county in Oregon and that one by five votes, the total vote being 35,270 for suffrage, the smallest vote for it since 1900, and 59,065 against, a majority of 23,795.

We, members of the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women, ask that you defeat this amendment this time by so great a plurality that the suffragists, both local and imported, must bow before the will of the people of Oregon, and acknowledge that the majority rules in America.

The men of this State have passed better laws for the protection of women and children than exist under a suffrage electorate in other States, and believing that we express the wishes of a great majority of the home-loving women of Oregon, we rely on you further to prevent the imposition of this burden upon them and to vote "NO" on the so-called Equal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution of Oregon.

OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OPPOSED TO THE EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN

Mrs. J. F. Bailey, President,
Miss Failing, 1st Vice-President,
Mrs. R. W. Wilbur, 2nd Vice-President,
Mrs. Wallace McCamant, Treasurer,
Miss Eleanor Gile, Secretary,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

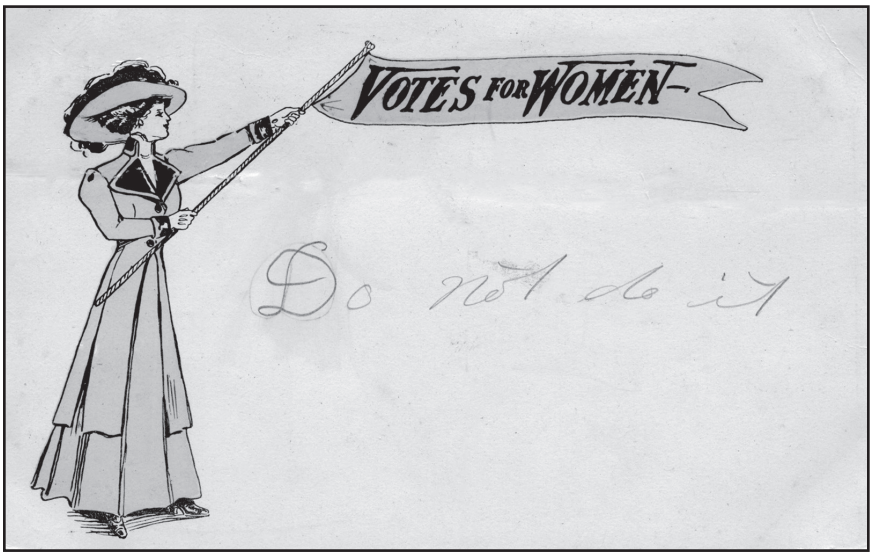
Mrs. H. W. Corbett,
Mrs. A. E. Rockey,
Mrs. David Loring,
Mrs. J. B. Montgomery,
Mrs. W. C. Alvord,
Mrs. Gordon Voorhies,
Mrs. R. W. Lewis,
Mrs. James N. Davis,
Mrs. Alma D. Katz,
Mrs. S. T. Hamilton,
Mrs. Herbert Holman,
Mrs. C. A. Johns, Baker,
Mrs. J. H. Templeton, Prineville,
Miss Bush, Salem,
Mrs. W. I. Vawter, Medford,
Mrs. Elizabeth Yockey, Ashland,
Mrs. E. H. Shepard, Hood River,
Mrs. A. J. Richardson, Joseph,
Mrs. J. M. Connell. Hillsboro,
Miss Rita Alderman, Falls City,
Mrs. M. E. McFarland, Airlie,
Mrs. F. E. Harlow, Troutdale,
Mrs. George T. Flavel, Astoria,
Mrs. W. S. McFadden, Corvallis,
Mrs. Dan O'Neill, Oregon City,
Miss Emily Loveridge,
Supt. Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland

Statement of protest letter from the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women.

been Mrs. George C. Flavel. Winona's mother-in-law, Mary Christina Flavel, would also have gone by Mrs. George Flavel (no middle initial). A widow at the time of the letter's publication, however, she was more commonly referred to as Mrs. Mary C. Flavel or Mrs. M. C. Flavel.

The Women's Suffrage Society of Astoria formed in June 1905 for the purpose of collecting signatures to get the issue of equal suffrage again on the Oregon ballot. Of the 8,000 signatures of registered voters required statewide, the Astoria group was assigned 300. This effort was successful, as the question of women's right to vote was again put before Oregon voters in 1906. They would remain an active organization through the eventual passage of the Oregon equal suffrage bill in 1912 Amendment

Throughout the long battle for voting equality notable suffragists included Clatsop County as part of their broader national tours, including Clara Bewick Colby, publisher of the nationally distributed newspaper the *Women's Tribune*, and Emma Smith DeVoe, who spearheaded the successful 1910 campaign to win the right to vote in Washington State. Both Colby and DeVoe visited the area in 1906



CCHS acc#18.023.001

This postcard intended to advocate for women's suffrage has been altered with a stern, "Do not do it," in handwriting notably different from that of the postcard's sender. That both the postcard's sender and recipient were known supporters of women's suffrage suggests that the message added to the front comes from a third source, one disagreeable to the cause.

CCHS IMAGE #28828.100

Weston Daggett's balloon ascension at 5 o'clock in the afternoon was a most suc
east of the flagship, and when picked up by the judges' boat, though somewhat e
of his old townspeople. The paltry eight dollars collected from the
—The *Morning Astorian*, August 20, 1896.

ccessful affair. He dropped from a great height into the river, a short distance xhausted, he was still game. He said he gave the exhibition free for the benefit crowd was returned to them. He will give another exhibition today.
[*Daggett is almost visible in this photo. see inset*]

ahead of that year's statewide vote on women's suffrage.

Another prominent suffragist, Maria Raunio, would make Astoria her home. Raunio advocated for women's rights in her native Finland, including the right to vote, access to educational opportunities, and universal healthcare. Finland granted women suffrage in 1906, becoming the third country to do so after New Zealand (1893) and Australia (1902), and the first to allow women to hold national public office. In 1907, Raunio was elected as a Representative to the Finnish parliament as a member of the leftist Social Democratic party. Raunio, along with eighteen other women, became part of the earliest, democratically-elected national governing body that allowed women full membership. Upon immigrating to Astoria in 1911, Raunio continued her political activities, becoming the first editor for the *Toveritar (The Woman Comrade)*—a nationally-distributed, Finnish-language newspaper focused on socialism.

The Equal Suffrage Amendment, which removed the word "male" from the voting privileges outlined in the Oregon Constitution, finally passed on November 5, 1912, after receiving 52% of the male vote. While this Amendment extended the vote to the majority of Oregon women, it did not guarantee the right to vote for all Oregon women. People excluded from the full rights of citizenship based upon their race or country of origin were not allowed to vote. This included women who had migrated from Asia and Native American women, except those who were married to white men.

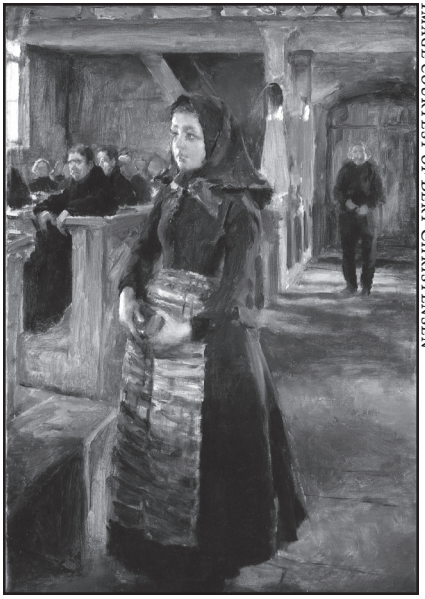


Image courtesy of Bert Christensen

Finnish artist Axel Gallen-Kallela's painting of "The Girl in Keuruu Old Church." The artist chose the young girl, Maria Saarinen (later Raunio), as the subject for his painting.

On December 18, 1912, voters in Warrenton chose Clara "Callie" Munson as their new mayor over her male rival by a margin of 16 votes, making Munson the first woman to hold elected office in Oregon following the passage of the Equal Suffrage Amendment the previous month. The state newspaper noted that her election, "establishes a precedent for equal suffrage states, as it is but a little more than a month that women have

had the ballot in Oregon." Of the sixty-five people who voted in this election, approximately one third were women, though importantly, not all of the women who voted did so for Munson. Some women actually voted against her because of her gender, believing it improper for women to hold elected office. This was Warrenton's second special election since the passage of the equal suffrage law. During the first special election, Munson's seventy-one-year old mother Sophia Munson became the first woman to vote legally in Clatsop County and one of the first women to vote in the state.

In 1982, Astoria elected Edith Henningsgaard (later Henningsgaard-Miller), as the city's first female mayor. Much of Henningsgaard's appeal, and actual efforts, centered on her interest in revitalizing Astoria's historic districts and courting tourism as a new monetary source for the town. This involved creating a plan to reimagine the use of Astoria's riverfront properties, eventually creating the riverwalk district, and beginning efforts to restore the then sixty-year-old Astoria Column, with Henningsgaard serving as a founding member of the Friends of the Astoria Column organization. Henningsgaard's successes would aid other women in their ventures into local politics, culminating in the first-ever female majority in Astoria's City Council in 2014 with the election of longtime city council member Arline LaMear as the city's second female mayor alongside councilpersons Zetty Nemlowill and Cindy Price.

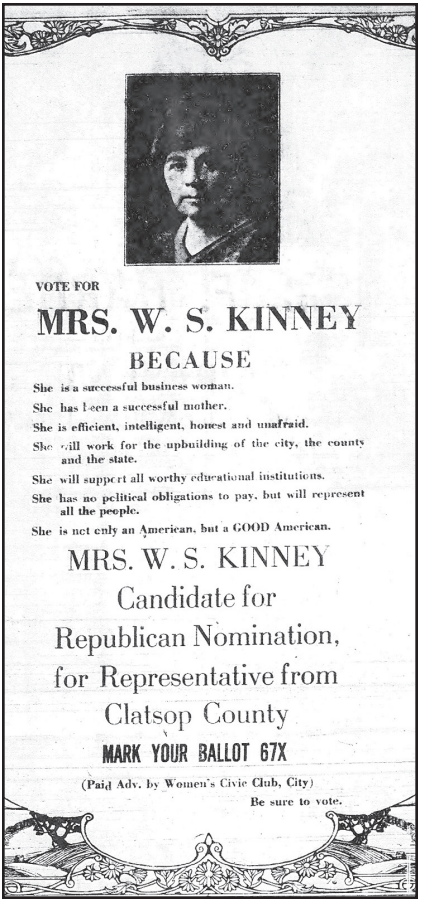
CCHS IMAGE #621.00M

Callie Munson

In 1986 Janet Stevenson became the last mayor of Hammond before the small town at the mouth of the Columbia River was absorbed into nearby Warrenton in 1991. Stevenson had a significant political and literary career before taking on mayoral duties. In Clatsop County, she served as a founding member North Coast Women's Political Caucus—the local chapter of the National Women's Political Caucus that was formed by such iconic women as Gloria Steinem, Shirley Chisholm, and Bella Abzug. Stevens was also a noted playwright and novelist. Her last novel, *The Slope*, offered a fictionalized accounting of Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair's time

Image courtesy of the Oregon State University

Mary Kinney


VOTE FOR
MRS. W. S. KINNEY
BECAUSE
She is a successful business woman.
She has been a successful mother.
She is efficient, intelligent, honest and unafraid.
She will work for the upbuilding of the city, the county and the state.
She will support all worthy educational institutions.
She has no political obligations to pay, but will represent all the people.
She is not only an American, but a GOOD American.
MRS. W. S. KINNEY
Candidate for
Republican Nomination,
for Representative from
Clatsop County
MARK YOUR BALLOT 67X
(Paid Adv. by Women's Civic Club, City)
Be sure to vote.

living and practicing medicine in Clatsop Plains.

On the state level, local businesswoman Mary Strong Kinney became, in 1920, one of the first women elected to serve in the Oregon State Legislature. Her prior political experience included serving as the president of the Women's Suffrage Society of Astoria during the lead up to the 1912 passage of the Equal Suffrage Amendment in Oregon. Kinney proved so successful as a legislator that voters in Clatsop County elected her to represent them in the state senate in 1922, where she served during the 1923 and 1925 sessions. After Kinney, it would be sixty-five years before area residents selected another woman to represent them on the state level. In 1990, voters sent Jackie Taylor—an Astoria resident and member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation—to Salem, where she would spend a decade serving as a state representative. Since Taylor's election, Clatsop County voters have overwhelmingly voted for female candidates, including Joan Dukes and Betsy Johnson to the state senate and Elaine Hopson, Deborah Boone, and Tiffiny Mitchel to the state legislature.

Koffee Kup & Downtown Astoria

by Laura Marie Torres

I just moved back to Astoria from Portland where I lived since the day Mt. St Helens blew in 1980. After my husband passed I thought to move back to the place that I called home and moved into my mother's house. Then the memories of this wonderful town started coming back to me.

My grandmother, Helmi Mellin, owned a restaurant downtown on 14th Street called Koffee Kup. It was a small narrow place with two tables up by the front door and a long counter with seats. There was a neon sign in the window that said, "Good Eats." It was one of those places where the same people came in day after day, year after year. We knew everyone's story, and they knew ours. My mother and aunt Karen both did time working behind the counter in the 1950s, and I did my time twenty years later in the mid-1970s. Gram also had various regular waitresses. The ones I knew were Ann Hyde and Ardell Jurison, two of the most wonderful ladies I ever met.

We would get these fantastic characters coming into the restaurant to eat every day. Some names I remember are Arnold Mart, Arnold Krippendorf (both from the taxi company next door). Harvey Loop and Rip Van Winkle from the Loop-Jacobson, Inc. Jewelers on Commercial St, Mr. Gimre of Gimre's Shoes, the Stramiello family who owned ABECO (Astoria Business Equipment Co.), Mr. and Mrs. Hallaux from the art store next door. There was also Dr. Duane Jue, who had his practice on the same block as the Koffee Kup, Mr. Greenberg from the furniture store on Marine Drive, River Pilot Bill Ross, and Jack Davies and his wife.

One gentleman who came in for a short time would eat a full meal, order pie, and leave me the largest tip I ever saw. He would leave a $5 bill. I couldn't believe it. We were lucky to get a quarter tip in those days. I don't remember who he was, just that he gave great tips.

Mr. Harvey Loop would come in to have pie and coffee. He was a very old gentleman at the time. He always had a pipe with him and came in on a puff of smoke. His voice was very gruff, but he would always have a smile for me.

Jack Davies would bring fish in for Gram to cook for her famous Salmon Stew she would make every Friday. He would bring it in early in the week and come in for a free meal on Friday. That was my favorite day to work because she made the best Salmon Stew and Rieska (flat rye bread). Her soups and pies were always yummy, and her custard…incredible.

On my breaks, I went to go next door to Hallaux Paint Store and spend time looking at the vast collection of transfer stickers they had. They were beautiful, and now that I think about it, some were works of art. I also spent quite a bit of time at the end of the dock on 14th street. This was after the ferry system shut down. The smell of the river and slippery decking are strong memories for me. They have rebuilt it now, but they couldn't change that familiar smell. I also spent quite a bit of time at Thiel's Music store, scouring through their used forty-five rpm records and spending most of the money I made at the restaurant. I loved to go shopping for costume jewelry at Merle Norman on Duane around the corner from Thiel's or at JC Penney. I remember that Penney's had so many racks that you could hardly move around in there without sending them spinning as you passed. JJ Newberry's was a favorite too. I had a collection of ceramic frogs and cheap earrings I bought from that store. I still have some. There was always time to explore Owl Drug for their jewelry case and Steinbock Pharmacy's huge collection of perfume.

A few years later, I was walking past ABECO, and there was something very new in the window. I had never seen anything like it before. It was an Apple computer. Wow, that was a vision. I'm sure it must have been the first one in Astoria. I had a collection of plastic horses and paint by number sets that I had bought from Link's Sporting Goods, and Mary's Candy Kitchen made the best SeaFoam chocolates in town. I bought Seafoam because it was so light that I got a whole bag for a little bit of money and could have sweets for days.

I wonder how many remember the roller skating rink that was in downtown Astoria. It was on 12th Street, where Wells Fargo is now. It had a ramp going inside and was painted pastel green. They had a pipe organ in that tiny space.

Gram always had a way to keep me busy at the restaurant. She would give me an empty three-pound coffee can and tell me to go around town and pick blackberries. Several places around town had areas below the street level. These areas were perfect places for blackberry plants to take root and go crazy. Every year I would pick several cans of berries so she could make blackberry pies. I did some exploring under those streets also. Some areas were blocked off by fences, but others were open, and you could walk quite a way beneath the streets. Some homeless people lived under there, so I was careful to go to unoccupied places. Mom would also drive us around the country and find places that had trees we would climb to pick apples or pears. I remember we went out to the Owens-Adair property by the airport. There was an old overgrown orchard where we would fill up our bags. We also had picking parties with

Image courtesy of Karen Mellin

Helmi Huttunen Mellin

the Hallaux family and went out to the beach to pick little wild strawberries. I'm not sure how many strawberries came back with us because they were often eaten straight from the plant, sand and all. If you have never had the little wild berries, they are much sweeter and more flavorful than any that can be bought in the store.

Saturday was grocery shopping day for the restaurant. We would pick up Gram with her huge pile of coupons and go to every grocery store in town. Hauke's Sentry Market was one with their wood floors and shopping baskets for kids, miniature versions of the adult carts. We would push them around the store while Gram would fill them up. We went to Safeway on Duane and Astoria Super Market on the peninsula. Once we got back to the restaurant, my brother and I would get a stick of spearmint gum from Gram as a payment for helping out with shopping day.

Some days Gram would run out of ice cream for milkshakes and ask me to run to the store for her. She would give me a couple of bucks and tell me to go pick up some ice milk, not ice cream. Back in those days, such a thing existed, and I guess it was cheaper. I would walk to the old Safeway that used to be on 12th and Duane Street by way of the alley between Erickson Floral and Paramount Drug.

CCHS image #81.013.590

above: The Young Building at left with office of Dr. Duane Jue. Center is Gimre's Shoe Store, and at right is Hallaux's Paint Store. *below, left to right*: Hayes hallaux, Kermit Gimre, and Catherine Hallaux.

Image courtesy of Karen Mellin

Nowadays, the alley is all painted and bright. In those days, it was gray and scary. I would run as fast as I could to get through it. I could have gone around another way, but I was always fascinated by the alley.

My brother and I spent quite a bit of time at the Koffee Kup. Gram would hire us to clean. We would scrape through the thick layer of grease from all surfaces that weren't cleaned daily, shelves railings, etc. At the back of the restaurant, there were stairs leading to a storage room above the back room. It was always challenging to get up there because the stairs had that thick layer of grease, so our shoes would stick and slip on them at the same time, a nasty business. We were tasked to clean those steps and to clean the storage room upstairs.

Once we got upstairs, we discovered a treasure trove of old cigar boxes. There must have been hundreds of them. Many of them filled with old receipts and bills from the restaurant; what a find!! I don't know what happened to those boxes; but they were probably just thrown out. So we were upstairs behind a huge, old painting, so thick with grease it could never be cleaned. Working on the mess there, we found another door. That door has always haunted my child's mind. What was behind that door? I never did find out. I had images of it being a mystery attic that covered the whole block of businesses, a place where if criminals wanted to break in could easily get in. It was probably only the size of a coat closet, but I had no idea. I don't know why we didn't open it, or maybe we did, and I just don't remember.

For many years, Gram, Mom, and Karen lived in an apartment across the street, though I only remember Gram living there. It was one of the penthouse apartments above what was a car dealership on the corner of 14th and Marine Drive and curved around to Commercial Street. Chris's News was on the corner of 14th, where Street 14 Café sits now. Gram's apartment had a view of the river; our toys were kept in a drawer in the kitchen stove, and there were neighbors by the name of Celsi and Vukovich. I was named after Laura and her niece, Maria Vukovich, who were good friends of my mother. There is a story I heard where Mr. Vukovich's renter, Ed Parsons, started the first cable system in the United States from the apartment. Apparently, he wasn't getting very good reception on his television, so he stretched a wire from the apartment building to the Astor Hotel across the street. This became so well known that everyone started tapping into the wire, and thus cable was born. In the apartment building, there was a huge stairway going up to the penthouse. The roof was kind of like a greenhouse roof, bright and hot. One day I would love to go in there again and see how an adult's reality challenges my child's perspective.

Once my grandmother moved into the house on 15th Street, she would

walk to and from the restaurant every day. She didn't drive due to a mishap on an Astoria hill—her brakes failed and scared the crap out of her. One day in the 1970s, she was walking down the hill, slipped, and broke her elbow. The restaurant had to be closed for a while. She asked me to make a sign to put in the window, so I did. It read, "Closed for Repairs (a broken arm)." She thought that was funny.

In her later years, after the restaurant was closed, Gram used to have people over to the house for lunch each week. I didn't get to attend those because I was living in Portland at the time, but I heard stories. She had a facelift when she turned eighty-five; it didn't help much. The wrinkles were just a little more spread apart. To most people, Gram was a sweet old lady who spoke Finnish with rapid speed and cooked like an angel, but those of us who knew her knew the truth. She used to love to shock people with her caustic humor. She never did get to finish her bucket list. Gram always told us that when she turned 100, she would skydive. She made it to 100 and one month. If only the rest of us could make it that far with as much moxie as she had.

Image courtesy of Karen Mellin

Ann Hyde and Harvey Loop. ca. 1957

Aeronaut Professor George Weston (AKA George Weston Daggett)

By Liisa Penner

Ballooning wasn't a new form of entertainment the first time that it was brought to Astoria in August 1890. For two hundred years after the technique had been developed in France, people rode in balloons for adventure, for a new perspective on the world below, for the possibilities of travel, and for spotting troop movements in wartime. One way to exit a balloon was with a parachute. By the early 1890s, this became a popular form of entertainment that only the most courageous and athletic men and women could do and one which crowds of people were willing to pay to watch. Photos in the CCHS archives help to illustrate the process.

In 1890 crowd of several hundred people watched Arthur Cosgrove make an ascension in a balloon at Astoria. From the photos, it appears that two poles were driven into the ground to which a large balloon was attached. A fire was ignited in a small furnace underneath the balloon. When the hot air caused the balloon to rise, the aeronaut sitting on a kind of swing below began to rise with it. Attached to the swing was a parachute. The men holding on to the balloon let go of it, and it quickly rose into the air. The newspaper reported: "Just one minute from leaving the ground, when at an altitude of fewer than 1,000 feet, the balloonist cut loose and, with the parachute opening quickly, he came down all right, though swaying considerably from side to side. The landing was effected safely, a little this side of the summit of the hill near the head of Genevieve street [11th], the balloon having traveled in that direction. The balloon came down on the side of the hill opposite the head of Olney street [12th and Exchange]. The balloon was struck by a current of air so strong and sudden that it was tipped over far enough to allow the hot air to escape, and this compelled the aerial voyage to cut loose sooner than he intended, and but for this, he would have gone considerably higher before starting to come down with the parachute."

Eight days later, after another ascension, this time in Albina (Portland), the twenty-year-old Cosgrove was killed. At first, it was thought to have been an accident but later revealed to have been a suicide.*

Serious injury and death were always likely with every flight aeronauts

The San Francisco Call, July 14, 1896, pg. 10

Artists sketch of George Weston.

made. This was a high stake gamble for the participants. They alone had the exhilaration of ascending, saw amazing panoramic views only a few were privileged to see and felt the admiration of those witnessing their ascensions. It was not done for free. Some balloonists were paid well.

Eighteen-year-old George Weston Daggett may have been a member of the crowd watching Cosgrove drop from the sky over Astoria or saw his death drop over Albina. It was about this time that he focused on learning how to be an aeronaut and became one of the best known in the 1890s. How he was trained and who trained him, we don't know. We do know a bit about his early years. George was born March 2, 1872, in Astoria or Olney, reports vary. His parents were George Nelson [Nathaniel] Daggett, a Civil War veteran, and Sophia Duffy Daggett. His father was drowned while working as a logger for the Warren Brothers. His mother ran a boarding house to support the family, while also "proving up" on a homestead claim on the south side of Youngs Bay. "Weston," as he was generally known here, attended McClure school along with his sister Mary Elizabeth, who was two years older. Both would have had to help their mother with the boarding house.

Throughout Weston's career, he was known as "Professor George Weston," having dropped his surname. "Professor" was the customary title for aeronauts.

The earliest ascension flight we found for George took place on August 26, 1894, in Stockton, California, when George was twenty-two years old. It wasn't successful.

August 27, 1894, The Evening Mail (Stockton CA) pg 1

WITH THE AERONAUT'S ASSISTANT IN THE CENTER OF THE GREAT BAG.

A young man was severely burned in the face yesterday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock at Goodwater Grove.

"Red" Nelson and George Weston, rival aeronauts, were to make ascents, and both began filling their balloons with hot air. Weston had hired a young man who goes by the name of "Bull" to stay inside his balloon and watch the flame, but Bull had never had any experience and did not know how to manage matters. Instead of taking the cap off the top of the furnace, he covered up the hole. Five or six buckets of gasoline had been thrown into the furnace and lit. Bull was asked how the flame was. He pulled the cap off the chimney, and the flame shot clear up to the top of the balloon and set it afire in an instant. Bull was inside enveloped in the burning canvas, while the flames from the gasoline were shooting up some ten or fifteen feet. The young man finally managed to get out of the burning balloon, but not until both sides of his face were badly burned, his nose half-cooked, and his eyebrows singed off.

Dr. McLaughlin was at once telephoned for. He went out to the clubhouse at the Grove, into which Bull had been taken, and found him suffering very badly. Soothing-lotions were put on his face, but it will be a long time before the burns will heal. The doctor took the young man to his office and did what he could to relieve his suffering. This morning he said he thought that Bull's sight would not be impaired.

The balloon was a complete wreck, the dry canvas burning like so much paper.

The next ascension found in the newspapers for Weston was in September 1894 in Stockton, California. George not only went up to great heights in the balloon, but he also detached his leads to the balloon and dropped away with a parachute, doing tricks on a bar hanging from the chute while descending.

A FINE BALLOON ASCENSION

George Weston, the aeronaut, made the finest balloon ascension ever seen in this county, yesterday, according to the testimony of all who saw it. The balloon, a new hot-air one, went straight up for fully 3,000 feet before Weston cut loose the parachute. There was very little wind at the time, and the "Montgolfier" did not turn over as ordinarily after being released from the weight below but went up for fully a thousand feet more before turning over and letting out the hot air and smoke with which it was filled. Weston made a pretty descent with his parachute, landing in the field at the Grove.

A recurring problem happened when not enough fuel was provided to get the balloon at an altitude high enough to make a safe trip down with the parachute. In that case, the aeronaut was forced to scuttle the trip. When that happened, the crowds who paid to watch his ascension sometimes proved to be more dangerous than the flight.

On November 11, 1894, at Santa Clara, California, Weston came near being mobbed at Cedar Park.

> He advertised to go up in the balloon and come down with a parachute. At the first trial, the balloon went up a couple of hundred feet, with Weston performing on a trapeze, and then descended. He announced that the managers of the Park had promised half the oil necessary to make sufficient hot air. He sent for more oil and tried it again. Just when the balloon was filled, the men who were holding it let it go, and cold air rushed in. Then there was a mad rush for Weston by the enraged spectators. He was surrounded by a yelling, threatening mob. His costume was torn, his hat smashed, and several persons, including one woman, struck him before the officers could hustle him away. The balloon then became the object of attack and was badly slashed with pocket knives.

At Walnut Creek, California, on May 21, 1895, 2,000 people from all over the county came to watch his ascension and parachute drop. He hung by his toes from the parachute when it was cut off from the balloon at about 3,000 feet.

In July of that year, he added a new twist: he took a tiny Scotch terrier attached to a small parachute with him, and when he reached 1,000 feet, he dropped the dog who landed successfully. According to George, the dog enjoyed the flight.

What was it like being an aeronaut? While in Stockton, California, in July 1895, a reporter wrote:

> George Weston, the aeronaut, who has made many ascensions at Goodwater Grove, has had some strange experiences during his career as a balloonist. Yesterday he related some of them to a MAIL reporter. The lithe young aeronaut says that the sensation when one is jerked from the ground by the balloon is very similar to that felt going up in a quick modern elevator—like the one in the Mills building, San Francisco, for instance. The most peculiar experience, according to Weston, is when he first cuts loose his parachute from the balloon. Before the parachute fills out, the flight downward for a few seconds is very rapid, and often he falls 200 or 300 feet.
>
> "Many people are under the impression," said Weston, "that if one falls 1,000 feet, he will be dead before he strikes the ground. I know from my own experiences that this is not so. The longest distance I have ever fallen before

the parachute opened was over 1,000 feet. I had a photographer time me to see how much time would elapse between the cutting loose and the filling out of the parachute. It took seven seconds, and during that time, I thought of nearly everything I had done in my life. The sensation is indescribable."

A Drunken Aeronaut's Experience

"Sooner or later, nearly every balloonist will kill himself. It is a wonder that more do not, for many drink heavily to nerve themselves for the effort. I remember one man who was stupid drunk when he started. Like many balloonists, he was clamped on to the bar. I do not use this method, but many do, and it consists of an attachment that goes around the arm up to the palm of the hand and fastens over the bar. He had one of these on, or he could never have held on. The balloon would not fill, as mine would not today, and it only went up a little way. The man was too drunk to cut loose, and the whole affair came down, landing him in a wheat field. He was dragged along through the field for several hundred yards. When the searchers found him, his body had been caught in a fence corner, and he was sound asleep, the balloon still swinging to him. If it had been a windy day, he would have been torn to pieces.

"I had a funny experience over at Walnut Creek a few weeks ago. I was to make a Sunday ascension, and Rev. Mr. Wilson, one of the local preachers, said from his pulpit that he hoped I would break my neck. I had told the church people that if they could arrange to pay me the same sum that the others had guaranteed me I would go up on Saturday instead. They would not do this, and I was denounced. Before going up, I made a reply and told the people that Rev. Wilson and myself were very much alike in that we both worked on Sunday, and both took up collections. I thought I had more of the Christian spirit, as I certainly did not want to see his neck broken.

In a Waste of Tules

"I made a night ascension at Saisun on the Fourth of July with an illuminated balloon. The wind carried me over into the tules, and I landed in water nearly up to my shoulders. It was dark. There were no roads into the tules and no way to get boats in. I could not see the lights of the City and could only make out its location by the rockets that were going up. Finally, after wading for half an hour, I managed to get out. The balloon is in the tules yet. It was an old one, and I wouldn't go in there again for two balloons.

"There is a great fascination about ballooning, and I wouldn't do anything else. It is the happiest moment to me when I call to those holding the balloon to let her go. I do not believe in letting women and children go up for the parachute jump; it is too dangerous. Nearly all the old-time balloonists are either killed or have quit.

"Many people seem to think it is because of nervousness that I

ask the crowd to keep quiet while filing the balloon. That is not the case. It is simply because I want to hear the man on the inside call out the height of the flame, as otherwise, the balloon is apt to burn up."

Rendered Insensible

Yesterday, the balloon did not fill well when sent up at Goodwater Grove. For this reason, it did not go up high enough for Weston to cut loose, and he went down with the balloon. On nearing the ground, however, he was obliged to cut loose in order to prevent being dragged. He cut the rope a trifle too soon and was thrown to the ground with such force as to render him insensible. How long he remained so, he does not know, as he was unconscious when the searchers found him.

In Sacramento county some time ago Weston, in descending, struck on his side across the long arm of a patent gate. He was badly bruised and hurt internally—so much hurt that he bled at the mouth for over an hour.

Filling the Balloon

Many people wonder at the method adopted in filling balloons. At the Grove, there is a furnace with a brick chimney. This is fed with a mixture of gasoline and coal oil. Inside the balloon, a man stands to watch the flame and see that it does not go high enough to burn the balloon. He calls out the height of the flame—say ten, twenty, twenty-five feet—in order that the man outside who is feeding the furnace may regulate the amount of fuel put in. The heat from the flame rises to the top so that while it is very warm where the watcher inside stands, it is not as hot as many imagine. At times, if not watched, the flame will shoot clear to the top of the balloon and burn it. The watcher holds a cover that fits the chimney, and when the balloon sways so that the sides are close to the flame, this cover is placed over the chimney until the aerial monster is in position again.

When a corrugated iron chimney is used, the heat inside is intense, as the iron gets red hot. In one of the Northern towns, Weston had his hair and eyebrows singed, and his shirt scorched where such a chimney was used. There is no great danger to the man inside if he keeps the cover in readiness to prevent the flame from catching the canvas, but last year a young man who was careless was severely burned at the Grove.

In December 1895, to add to the usual attraction, it was decided to have a competition between three aeronauts.

The Shooting of the Chutes and the hot-air balloons parachute contest drew 10,000 people inside the gates near the Haight-street entrance to the Park yesterday afternoon. About 2,000 people stood on the other side of the street, watching the tops of the balloons as they rose higher and higher over the fence while they were being inflated.

The small boy was there, and several dozen of him climbed the

telegraph poles and viewed the show while straddling the cross pieces or tightly hugging the poles. Some boys not quite as small had fun pelting with stones, the watchman who was preventing them from climbing the fence.

The balloon contest was for a prize of $150 to the winner—Professor Markberg's balloon caught fire while it was being inflated, and all his hopes of winning the prize went up in smoke. There was a hole about six feet in diameter at the top of his balloon when the crowd stamped on the embers and put out the fire.

Professor Otto Burk went up very high and made a good jump with the parachute., but he did not cut up any monkeyshines. He came down at the base of Mount Olympus [The Ashbury Heights area.]

Professor George Weston, the winner, made a dashing ascent, hanging from the trapeze bar by his toes and performing other aerobatic feats. His balloon landed in Golden Gate Park near Strawberry Hill."

It was reported in the *Daily Morning Astorian* that he received a prize of $6,000. George Weston Daggett was now one of Astoria's heroes. His fame only increased when it was reported a few days later: "There was abundant sensation yesterday at the 'Chute shooting' grounds. The two advertised balloons got off the earth, but one of them only a short distance. The wind was creating a great disturbance, and Emil Markeberg found it necessary to put up a 'windbreak.' He could not make the ascension until 3:30, but went up then, hanging by his teeth to a leather strap attached to his parachute. He landed safely on Seventeenth street. Robert Earlston, who was going up riding a bicycle, had more trouble. His balloon was unusually large and not protected by a windbreak. As it started, it was observed that there was a slight rip in the side from which the hot air was pouring. Earlston was already on his wheel, and the long ropes holding the parachute to the balloon were going skyward when George Weston, the aeronaut, saw the peril, made a dash, and pulled the liberating line just in time. Earlston and his bicycle were already four feet in the air. When the parachute was cut loose, a loud sigh of relief went up from the crowd. The balloon, in its imperfect condition, could not have gone more than two or three hundred feet in the air, the parachute would not have had time to act, and Earlston would certainly have been hurt."

In the time between December 16, 1895, and January 15, 1896, Weston was injured on another parachute jump and recuperated enough to be out on crutches. Weston's stunts and mounting injuries were alarming local residents. In the *Astoria Daily Budget* was the grim note: "Weston Daggett is going to make a balloon ascension over at Gray's Harbor this week. An aeronaut is never satisfied until he gets under the ground."

Back down in Sacramento, Weston was planning to do another jump with a dog when he ran into a problem.

February 10, 1896, The Record Union (Sacramento, CA)

THE DOG DIDN'T GO

The Humane Society Draws the Line at Ballooning.
But Aeronaut Weston Himself Made A Very Successful Ascension.

Fully five or six thousand people went out to Oak Park yesterday afternoon to witness George Weston's balloon ascension and parachute descent. The streetcars were taxed to their utmost capacity to take the crowd out and back. As it was, hundreds of people were left standing on the sidewalks who could not find places even to hang on to the outside of the cars.

The ascension was made on time, and the great balloon shot up into the air at a rapid pace, the daring aeronaut suspended by his toes from the trapeze at the end of the parachute.

The balloon went off in a southerly direction, and when at the height of a couple of thousand feet, the parachute was detached and shot downward with Weston. After falling a hundred feet or so, it became inflated and gently fell safely to the earth about a quarter of a mile from the Park. As the big umbrella descended, Weston went through a number of daring gymnastic tricks, which caused the thousands of gazers below to "Oh!" and "Ah!" like a crowd at a Fourth of July pyrotechnic display. The balloon upset as soon as the parachute was detached, and the hot air escaping, it collapsed and fell to the ground ahead of the parachute.

Just before the ascension was ready to go up and take with him a dog to be cast loose hanging to a parachute, President G.H. Smith of the Humane Society, Secretary F.M. Woodson and Director J.N. Payne put in an appearance and notified the balloonist that the animal must not be taken along.

The aeronaut protested politely but firmly, but President Smith and his Lieutenants were even more polite and more firm. It was a case of two irresistible bodies meeting, apparently. Then, President Smith informed the balloonist that if the latter insisted he and his fellow-officers would take charge of the doing, and under the law of the State seize the animal, that he should not be tortured by the flight or the possible danger of unlucky descent, and if the aeronaut interfered and still insisted, he would be arrested.

That settled it. The aeronaut yielded, saying that he thought as much of the dog as any man did of a pet animal, and would not harm it. To which the officers replied that it was not merely a question of sympathy alone, certainly not one of affection for a pet animal that to terrorize a helpless brute by such an ascent was cruelty to it, besides the effects of such spectacles were demoralizing to youth and age alike, and that the society proposed to put a stop to them. It had no power to prevent the

balloonist taking an adult human being along if he wanted to, but if anyone attempted to take a child on such a flight, means would be found to prevent it.

On February 15, Weston made another ascension at Sacramento, rising a mile high before he dropped from the balloon with the parachute.

The following March, it was reported: "For several Sundays past George Weston, the aeronaut, has been making ascensions at Oak Park in the presence of thousands of people. The feats that he performs on the trapeze while shooting up into the sky would be regarded as hazardous even in a hall, with a net spread below to catch him in case he should fall, but Weston does these things when thousands of feet in the air.

"He will make another ascension and parachute jump tomorrow afternoon and announces that he will give a new and thrilling addition to his regular dare-devil performances. He does not say what it will be, but it will doubtless be worth seeing."

And then in June: "George Weston made two balloon ascensions from the Chutes yesterday. At 5 o'clock, he landed on Buena Vista Heights, and at 10 o'clock at night, followed by the searchlight, his parachute let him down through a eucalyptus tree in the Park panhandle. He broke a limb of the tree, but was himself uninjured."

This was still not enough to satisfy Weston's need for excitement. He stunned everyone by the following:

July 14, 1896
The San Francisco Call, pg. 10

BALLOONS TO AID THE CUBANS

To Be Used for Observing the Enemy's Movements.

FIN DE SIECLE WARFARE

Telegraphic Communication Between the Balloon and the Earth

PROTECTION AGAINST BULLETS

In Case of Puncture and Escape of Gas the Balloon Becomes a Parachute

The Cuban Junta of New York have been carrying on negotiations for the past five months and with two expert aeronauts, George Weston of this City and Harold Snell, an Eastern man, construction and manning a balloon for observing and signaling the movements of artillery and troops on the field in Cuba.

Mr. Weston is an expert aeronaut of seven years' experience and is well known all over the United States. He has made various ascensions in this City, having gone up in a balloon in the dark, from the chutes, some five weeks ago. He will soon leave this City to join in the East his partner Snell, who left for New York two months ago.

The balloon in which the daring aeronauts will ascend on their tours of observation is different from the ordinary hot-air balloon. It will contain 48,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, which will support it in the air for twenty-four hours if necessary.

A light steel cable 1500 feet long will anchor it to the ground. The balloon is so constructed that the upper portion forms a parachute, and if the lower part should be punctured and the gas escape, the occupants of the basket would come down gently, as in a parachute descent, and would not be seriously injured. In case the station below should be taken, the occupants of the balloon can cut loose the cable and sail away.

The two aeronauts are not going to Cuba as Cuban sympathizers. The dangerous undertaking is merely a matter of business with them. The necessary funds are furnished by the Cuban sympathizers in the United States through the Cuban Junta in New York. Within a couple of weeks, probably when the rainy season shall have closed in Cuba, the aeronauts with their outfit will sail for Cuba in some fast steamer, which will be pretty sure to land them on the island.

After landing on the island, the balloonists will have to travel to the field of operations with their paraphernalia, as the balloon is not built for aerial travel. One of the partners, with an artist, will go up in the balloon to observe the position of the enemy's forces, and the other aeronaut will remain on the ground with the gas-wagons and the necessary inflating apparatus.

The basket of the balloon will be protected by steel, cork, asbestos, and wool against bullets. The men in the balloon will confine themselves merely to observation, no attempt being made to attack the enemy.

The undertaking is a very perilous one, for, besides the ordinary dangers of ballooning, there will be great difficulty in landing on the island of Cuba. The Spanish gunboats and land forces as well are constantly on the lookout, and if the aeronauts should fall into their hands, it would probably be the last of them. The daring balloonists, however, look upon the whole undertaking stoically and as a matter of business.

Weston decided to make another jump first at home in Astoria, before leaving for Cuba and new adventures. It did not turn out well.

August 23, 1896,
Daily Morning Astorian

THE AERONAUT'S FALL

The Daring Balloonist Daggett Meets with a Severe Accident

After the races, yesterday afternoon, Daggett, the balloonist, made an ascension from the corner of Ninth and Bond streets in the presence of an immense crowd of people. After making an ineffectual attempt to collect a suitable amount of money, Daggett made a short speech to the crowd, saying that he had always felt proud of his birthplace, Astoria, but that he no longer felt like claiming it as his home. Just as he took his position on the trapeze bar, it is reported, he was warned that one or two of the ropes attached to the parachute were almost worn through. Nevertheless, he

made the ascent, and after reaching an elevation of about a thousand feet, the balloon sailed southward. When Daggett cut the rope and started on his downward trip with the parachute, it was at once noticed by the spectators that something was wrong. It only took a second to show that one or two of guy ropes of the parachute were broken, and that article was rendered useless. The nerve of the man was well illustrated when he found the parachute unmanageable. He threw off various articles of clothing. Up to the last moment, he retained full command of his senses. With the rapidity of lightning, the unfortunate aeronaut dropped to the earth. The crowd rushed to the scene, only to find the man in a crushed condition just to the rear of Mr. Duffy's residence on the hill. His collar bone and left ankle were both broken, and he was soon conveyed to St. Mary's hospital, where Dr. Bartel looked after his wounds.

The latest reports from the hospital last night were that he was doing well and would probably recover.

T. O. Newman, who operated a merry-go-round at 9th and Bond streets, offered to donate money to pay for the care of Weston from the receipts he would take in the afternoon and evening of the 25th. Captain Thompson of a ship docked in Astoria also passed around a hat and donated $25 to Weston. Friends who visited Weston said that he swore to make another ascension even if his foot was in plaster of Paris.

October 13, 1896,
Astoria Daily Budget

CAPTURED AND SHOT.

Party of War Balloonists Meets Disaster. Weston Daggett Was Engaged to Go With Them

As was stated in the columns of the Budget some time ago, Mr. Weston Daggett, the aeronaut, and his partner, Mr. Harold Snell, had entered into a contract with the Cuban Junta of New York to proceed to Cuba and operate war balloons in the interest of the revolutionists.

While waiting in this city for his instructions, Mr. Daggett made the ascension and met with the accident in which he was so severely injured as to compel him to annul his contract with the Cubans.

This was considered an extremely hard blow at the time, but from recent information, the accident was the means of saving the young man's life.

On the annulling of Mr. Daggett's contract, Mr. Snell secured another partner and sailed from New York several weeks ago for Cuba. Nothing was heard from them until a few days ago a letter arrived at New York from Havana, stating that Senor Jardinas, his secretary, Moret, Harold Snell, and three other Americans, were captured by the Spaniards while attempting to land two war balloons and a quantity of dynamite on the northwest coast of

the island. This morning Mr. Daggett received a letter with the information that all the captured men had been shot.

"Mr. Daggett stated today that only for the accident which befell him, he would have been with the unfortunate party, and firmly believes he must be under the guidance of a lucky star.

The "business-like" attempt to help the revolutionists in Cuba against the Spanish colonials seems to have been poorly planned for several reasons. First of all (and sufficient) was having it posted in newspapers all over the country!

Weston recovered from the accident and by April was performing again.

April 5, 1897, The Record-Union (Sacramento, CA) pg. 2

THE BALLOON ASCENSION

Weston's Parachute Had a Pretty Close Call Yesterday

George Weston, the daring young aeronaut, made a balloon ascension at Oak Park yesterday in the presence of three or four thousand people. He went up beautifully and landed safely in the back yard of a saloon, but he had a close call coming down.

There was scarcely a breath of wind blowing at the time that Weston shot away from earth, and the balloon went up as straight almost as a flagstaff, with the aeronaut hanging by his toes from the trapeze bar. As he ascended, he went through all manner of feats on the trapeze.

When he had reached a height of close upon a half-mile, he cut loose his parachute. There was the usual swift descent for a hundred feet or more, and then the big umbrella-like parachute opened out beautifully, and Weston came sailing down slowly. The released balloon went a few yards higher, capsized, collapsed, and started down almost in a direct line with the slowly descending parachute below.

As the swiftly falling balloon neared the parachute, the crowd below held their breaths, for it looked as if the balloon would surely fall upon the parachute, and if it had Weston would not have lived long enough after striking the ground to realize what had happened. But the big bag shot by, missing the parachute by only a few feet, and fell on the car track about 100 yards from the place it was cut loose.

As the parachute neared the ground, it gained considerable speed, and Weston landed pretty hard in a little back yard a few feet from where the balloon struck. The parachute hung upon a high fence and some outbuildings.

The balloon should not be so heavily weighted at the top but allowed to go considerably higher and beyond the parachute before capsizing, for on days when the air is still, it is liable to come straight down and swamp the parachute.

July 9, 1897, Ferndale enterprise (Ferndale CA) pg 8

THE BALLOON ACCIDENT. [AT EUREKA, CALIFORNIA]

We take the following account of the horrible balloon accident from Tuesday evening's Standard: "Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock several hundred people witnessed a very distressing accident. Prof Weston and his helpers had announced that on account of the wind, an ascension would be made from a sheltered point on Twelfth street between the alder trees. The people had gathered there to witness the ascension, and as announced, the balloon men were on hand and proceeded with their work. Finally, the balloon was inflated, and the order was given to let go. Up it shot with Prof Weston on the trapeze and also with one of the helpers caught in the ropes. The helper was H. Scotton, whose duty it was to lie on his back in the balloon and watch the flames which generate the hot air. He thought he was clear of the ropes, but he had evidently been lying on one. He rose about twenty-five feet when he disentangled himself and fell violently to the ground, striking on his head. He sustained a concussion of the brain and a compound fracture of the right thigh. The balloon had not gone up far enough to clear the trees when the extra weight of the helper changed its course, and it threw the aeronaut against the trees, and he too suffered a frightful fall, sustaining concussion of the brain, a compound fracture of the right thigh and several broken ribs. The sight was horrifying and weakened the strongest men in the assemblage. Several physicians who were nearby rushed to the assistance of the unfortunate men who were removed to the Humboldt General Hospital where everything possible was done to alleviate their sufferings, but the general verdict of the physicians was that neither would survive. The verdict was all too true, for at ten minutes to five this morning, Mr. Scotton [W.J. Tapscott] died, and at five o'clock, just ten minutes later, the aeronaut passed away. Full particulars of the past of these men have not been learned as yet, but it is claimed that Weston was born on March 2, 1872, in Olney, Oregon, and has been in the aeronaut business for several years with considerable success. It is said that he has a mother and sister in San Francisco. His unfortunate companion was about thirty years of age and was a resident of Aberdeen, Washington.

Since the above was put in type, it is learned that Weston's real name is George Weston Daggett. Among his effects were found a number of photographs of ascensions he has made in other places. It is the general belief that had the helper not become entangled in the ropes yesterday; the ascension would have been very successful. The balloon was not sufficiently strong to carry both men up above the trees, but with only the weight of one man

CCHS image #7513.140A

Hot air balloon ascension in Astoria, March 1895. Photo was taken at the southwest corner of 7th and Duane Streets looking east. At left is the County Jail, the Flavel House at right, and in the distance the taller building is the Odd Fellows building.

CCHS image #7513.140D

to lift, the trees would have been cleared, and all would have been well."

"The early part of the evening was taken up with a pyrotechnic display on the bay. The celebration concluded with a grand ball at Occidental Pavilion."

It was claimed later that members of the carnival committee advised Weston not to make his ascension if the conditions were not favorable, but as he had failed the day before on account of the wind and had been called a faker by many in the crowd, he was determined to save his reputation. As he was about to start, he turned to an acquaintance and said: "We aeronauts all have to get killed, and this looks like my day."

He went up in the air, exclaiming, "Who says I'm a faker?"

George Weston Daggett, the son of Mrs. Sophia Daggett, and brother of Mary Elizabeth Daggett Leahy was a native of Astoria, Oregon, aged 26 years, five months and five days. The funeral took place at the residence of his mother, 710 O'Farrell Street, and at the Church of the Advent, 11th Street, near Market where services were held, in San Francisco. Interment was at Masonic Cemetery, now a "defunct" cemetery. In 1901, 20,000 bodies were removed to other cemeteries in Colma and elsewhere. The tombstones were used as fill on the approaches to the Golden Gate Bridge.

* The *Daily Morning Astorian* of August 14, 1890, carried the story about Arthur Cosgrove. His last words before he rose with the balloon were, "You have all been good friends to me, but I will never see you alive again. His seeming carelessness in not providing himself with a belt and other safeguards against accident was nothing more or less than a carefully planned arrangement for taking his own life. It also transpires that Cosgrove was intoxicated when he went up. He had to be in order to make that fearful death drop. It is said that Cosgrove threatened to take his life a number of times, and he always said he would follow in the footsteps of Prof. Redmond, who was killed in coming down with his balloon near Snohomish several months ago. It is said that Professor Redmond estranged the affections of Cosgrove's wife, who herself is a balloonist, and goes by the name of Bertha Anzola. She made several ascensions with Redmond from the east approach to the Jefferson street ferry. Cosgrove saw that his wife's affections were centered in Redmond, and at one time, he had reason to suspect them of sustaining improper relations. The thought preyed on his mind, and he concluded to kill himself methodically as Redmond had died by accident."

Sources for this story included Newpapers.com, Ancestry.com, the Historic Oregon Newspapers website, and the Sept.–Oct. 1896 Astoria Daily Budget *newspapers. Complete stories and sources are on file at the Heritage Museum Archives.*

CCHS image #7513.140b

An aeronaut performs over Astoria. He hangs (small black line) from a trapeze bar below the hot air balloon.